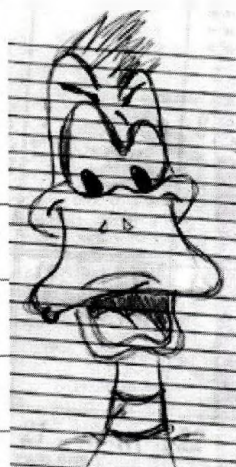


Edward Jew

# Table of Contents



2. Table of Contents

3. Idaho. Tsunami

4. Dreams

5. Ron Carter

6. Are You Lame?

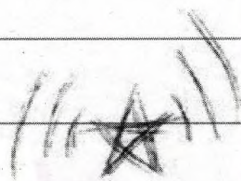
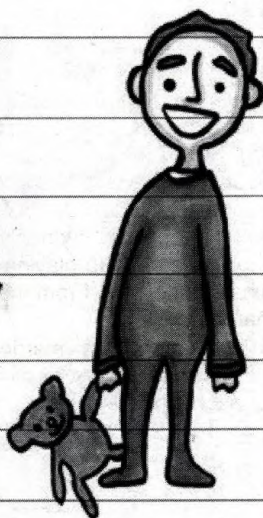
7. Valentines Rant,  
Worst Songs

8, 9. Pathways

10. Skate, Sleep

11. Alex, I.T.

12, 13. Garden of  
Rythm & Rhyme



Doodles Top to Bottom, Left to Right:  
Alysha Kunkel, Edmond Jeurantian,  
Alysha Kunkel, Jessica O'Dell,  
Stephy Baron, Jessica O'Dell,  
Jenny Cohen, Corbin Supak.

14. Funny Page

15. Savascope

16. Editor's Cover



# A Man of Many Trades

By Alex Sorenson



For most, Idaho conjures images of a somewhat barren landscape, potatoes, farmers, and not much else. However, apart from all these magical characteristics, Idaho is also home to the illustrious Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival. Based in Moscow, Idaho, the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival is an opportunity for student jazz bands, soloists, and ensembles to compete against other schools from around the country. (While enjoying a highly educational, professional, and enjoyable atmosphere at the same time.) In addition to the competitions, the students also look forward to evening concerts, as well as workshops with acclaimed professional musicians.

A.C.M.A.'s own Jazz Orchestra and Ensemble will be traveling to Idaho together this February to compete in the festival. Last year, the Jazz Orchestra won the A division, as did their Combo, and three Outstanding Solo awards went to Megan LaPort, Kyn-dra Love, and Robert Langslet. A.C.M.A. was the only school in the competition to yield three solo winners. The Jazz ensemble is eager to perform alongside the Orchestra this year.

The festival takes its name from the legendary Jazz virtuoso, Lionel Hampton, who was later known as the "King of the Vibes." Lionel Hampton was born April 20th, 1908 in Louisville, Kentucky. Originally, he was interested in percussion after receiving a drum lesson from a Dominican nun at an early age. In 1930, he was participating in a recording session with Louis Armstrong, and was suddenly asked to play the vibraphone. He ended up playing the vibes on that song, which became a hit. From then on, Lionel was in high demand.

Hampton was married on November 11th, 1936. His wife, Gladys, became his personal manager and developed exceptional businesswoman skills. As a bandleader, Lionel formed the Lionel Hampton Orchestra, with which he recorded many hits such as "Sunny Side of the Street," "Central Avenue Breakdown," (his signature tune) "Flying Home," and "Hamp's Boogie-Woogie," all of which became top-of-the-chart bestsellers upon release. Many years later, as a statesman, he was asked by President Eisenhower to serve as a goodwill ambassador for the United States, and his band made many tours to Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and the Far East, generating an enormous following which spanned the globe. President George Bush Sr. appointed him to the Board of the Kennedy Center, and President Clinton awarded him the National Medal of the Arts. In his grand role as an educator, he began working with University of Idaho in the early 1980s to realize his dream for the future of music education. In 1985, the University named its jazz festival for him, and in 1987 the University's music school was named the Lionel Hampton School of Music. Roughly 20 years later, the University of Idaho has cultivated and maintained an immortal relationship with Hampton through the Lionel Hampton Center, a \$60 million project that serves as a home for the university's Jazz Festival, its School of Music, and its International Jazz Collections.

After the A.C.M.A. Jazz orchestra and ensemble compete in the Lionel Hampton Jazz festival, they will both buckle down for an intense schedule of continuous competitions and concerts as the year wears on, culminating in the Essentially Ellington Competition at the Lincoln Center in New York City.

For Jazz listeners and musicians worldwide, Lionel Hampton will live forever as a constant source of influence and inspiration, as well as a goodhearted man who wanted nothing more than to make a mark on music and ensure its continued existence and nourishment by way of the young. For the world, Mr. Hampton was a musical genius, but for the members of the A.C.M.A. Jazz Orchestra and Ensemble, he will always be a little bit more.



## Relief Efforts: Tsunami

By Stevie Boothe

With more than an estimated 154,000 people dead, the tsunami that hit the Asian Pacific on December 26th is being labeled as the largest natural disaster in the history of the world. With television and magazines covering heart-breaking stories of individuals losing loved ones, many here in the states are starting to question how they can help make a difference. Initially after the tsunami hit, many found themselves sympathetic and determined to help. However, attention seemed to fade away. Roughly a week after the tsunami struck, Jenn and Brad's breakup found itself on such major magazine covers as People, overtaking the tsunami coverage. Don't get me wrong, it's a shame that couples aren't staying together these days, but we as a society need to reexamine our priorities, and take action. So how are middle and high school students of the greater Portland area supposed to lend support? The ACMA community is taking notice, and putting in their efforts. Jessica O'Dell, president of our National Honor Society (NHS), decided to start ACMA's own fundraiser within the school. "NHS would like to do their part to aid the tsunami victims," explains O'Dell. "The fundraiser allows the school to get involved with the effort. Our goal is to raise as much as possible."

Every contribution helps. You may have seen the water jugs in the Ohanas for the past few weeks. These water jugs are meant to be filled with donations for the relief aid. If each of our students were to bring just one dollar and put it in the jug in their Ohana, we would contribute \$500 to the relief effort. If you don't get a chance to help with the efforts through our school, there are other ways. Organizations such as Northwest Medical Teams and Unicef have ways of donating on their web sites. Visit [www.nwmedicalteams.org](http://www.nwmedicalteams.org) or [www.unicef.org](http://www.unicef.org) for more information on how you can make a contribution to the relief efforts.

Making a difference is something that each of us are capable of doing. Whether you donate a simple quarter, or a twenty dollar bill, everything will help. So please, do what you can to help the victims of this horrendous disaster, and show that we as young people are capable of making a positive difference in this world.

Doodles: Jenny Cohen





## A Summer Memory

By Melissa Bergeron

About a year ago I experienced one of the most memorable events in my life, alongside six others: Aymie Mahoney, a lovable Asian whom most of you already know; Mandy Beckett, a cooky and athletic loudmouth; Alexis Dispenza, a quiet, brown haired girl with extremely fair skin; Austin Lyons, Alexis's stick thin, cross eyed boyfriend; Dustin Versteeg, a loud and sometimes annoying punk who held the honorable title of Austin's best friend, and my dear pal Christy Feliciano, one of the funniest hispanic people I will ever have the pleasure of befriending.

An almost too perfect white mansion equipped with four bedrooms, five bathrooms, a bar (all-riiight) and a huge party room (mega stereo systems, big screen tv, karaoke machines... all that jazz) belonged to us for five amusing days. Out in the backyard was a fifteen-foot, crystal clear pool, a hot tub, and a perfect patio for partying. Austin, being the son of a filthy-rich Lake Oswego business man, rented the home out for us, no adults included.



We arrived at the private paradise late on a Wednesday night during the month of June. School was out and we were ready to let it all loose... kind of. As much as we would have loved to stay up and party, we were lame and crashed (in our beds, no morbid car accidents) within the first hour of our arrival. The first night was normal: thorough sleep followed by a delicious chocolate pancake breakfast (compliments of the hired chef), all day swimming/ tanning and an evening of music, dancing and margaritas!

It was the second night that marked the first unusual occurrence. I woke up to a scream. Aymie and I followed the shrieks down the hall to Christy's room. The first cry for help was obviously from Christy. As I trudged into the room I immediately saw why she had been yelling her head off. It was a bit hard to miss... Christy was earless. No blood, no apparent slicing, not even a sight of her former ears lying around somewhere, just patches of skin where her ears should have been. It was no use to try and calm her, as the

poor girl couldn't comprehend what we were saying. Throughout Christy's yelps of panic, the rest of us tried to come up with a logical explanation as to how this could of happened, but there wasn't one. Tired, and unwilling to waste anymore time contemplating who or what brought all of this about, we went back to bed. Rude? Perhaps, but so is waking up a whole house of people during the middle of the night.

The following sequence of events was just as abnormal. It would technically have been our third day in the house, but our first wasn't really a "day," just an hour. Trying to ignore the fact that her ears were no longer attached to her head, Christy decided to soak up some sun up on the top of the roof. Not the brightest idea in the world, but indeed a way to escape from all the drama. Austin, Mandy and myself were also in the sun, but taking a refreshing dip in the pool. Aymie, Dustin and Alexis remained indoors.

After an exciting game of water volleyball (or water polo, call it what you may), Mandy and I decided to get our pale butts out of the pool and into some harmful sun rays.

I eventually noticed that the restless water was giving way to a whirlpool--with Austin still submerged in the waters. Mandy and I noted the odd fact of a small water spout developing right in front of us, yet we didn't think much of it. Neither did Austin for that matter, but sooner rather than later he would regret his choice to remain swimming instead of getting out of the pool. His body began to flop up and down while he shouted. His lamentations continued as Mandy and I quickly stood up and rushed over to the side of the pool. For some reason I lacked the adrenaline rush that most people should receive when their friend is on the verge of dying. My voice was monotone, and my face was pretty much expressionless.

"Oh no Mandy. Austin is drowning. Someone should help him get out, he could die." Her reply was just as unenthusiastic. Almost as if she was being sarcastic.

"Yeah. Someone really should help him." Then the volume of her voice rose a bit as she yelled as unconvincingly as possible, "Help. Someone help Austin. Help please."

Austin's head bobbed up and down as a green flashing light formed beneath him. What was just a small water funnel had practically transformed into a tornado, and was gradually sucking him beneath the surface. His ligments thrashed all about until finally he disappeared with the water, and all that remained was the glistening cement where the pool once was.

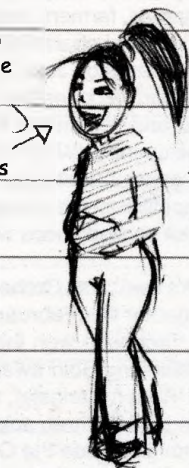
"Damn. Now we can't go swimming. This SUCKS!" Mandy shouted as we began to walk away from the pool.

It was hard explaining to Dustin, Aymie, and Alexis how Austin's death had occurred. We mourned for a bit... and then we threw a party. Christy continued to sunbathe on the top of the roof which was probably not such a good idea. Not only was she badly sunburnt (she slightly resembled a lobster), but she soon met her fate as well. Sometime during the "pina-ta" stage of the party we noticed Christy had begun to stand up and dance. We applauded her for busting out some moves, but soon she got out of control.

Her body twirled and spun all about atop the roof, and several times she came awfully close to falling off the edge. Confused, we continued to watch as Christy screamed, "I CAN'T STOP!" She continued to twist and turn as her arms fluttered about. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a silhouette through one of the top floor windows. From what I could see, someone was viciously hacking away at a doll.

"Voodoo, no doubt," I thought to myself. My ears picked up the sound of wicked laughter coming from whoever was responsible for the heinous acts.

I looked back to the roof and watched as Christy let out one final shriek, and plummeted to her doom. Strangley, there was no body to clean up





because Christy, like Austin, had disappeared. Quickly, I looked around, trying to see who was missing out of the group. Aymie and Alexis were missing. Could they have been committing the crimes together? All I knew for sure was that one of them, or maybe both of them had been killing my friends, and it needed to stop.

Too scared to point the finger, I kept my mouth shut, not telling anyone about the silhouette I had seen. A mistake? Possibly. Yet somehow I figured it was all for the better if I kept my lips zipped. That night Mandy woke up without a nose, while Dustin awoke and noticed that his "manhood" had fallen off. Although Dustin was heartbroken over the departure of his acoutrement, Aymie was the most devastated. We held a burial service for Dustin's "little man" the next morning. As I remember it, Aymie was quite choked up. Big blue tears streamed out of her eyes as she stared down at the mound of dirt we had held our service over. She swore she would never be the same. I'm sure Dustin felt the same way.

When we regrouped inside, no one seemed to want to party anymore. I headed to the couch with Aymie and Dustin while Mandy went to relax in the sauna and Alexis went to snooze the day away. The horrid sight of Aymie and Dustin smooching on each other frightened me away to the kitchen. I reached for the refrigerator, but before I could open the door, my left arm fell off. Shocked, I ran out of the kitchen to show Aymie and Dustin. But when I turned the corner I saw they too had lost some ligements: neither of them had legs. Speechless, I ran to the sauna to rescue Mandy, but it appeared I was too late. She was a human prune, literally. Her body was shrivled up and consisted of nothing but wrinkles.

By now I had figured out the perpatrator: Alexis. The quiet girl who had shared many happy times with each of us had been slaughtering us all along. As I ran upstairs I could hear her laughter filling the halls. Dustin

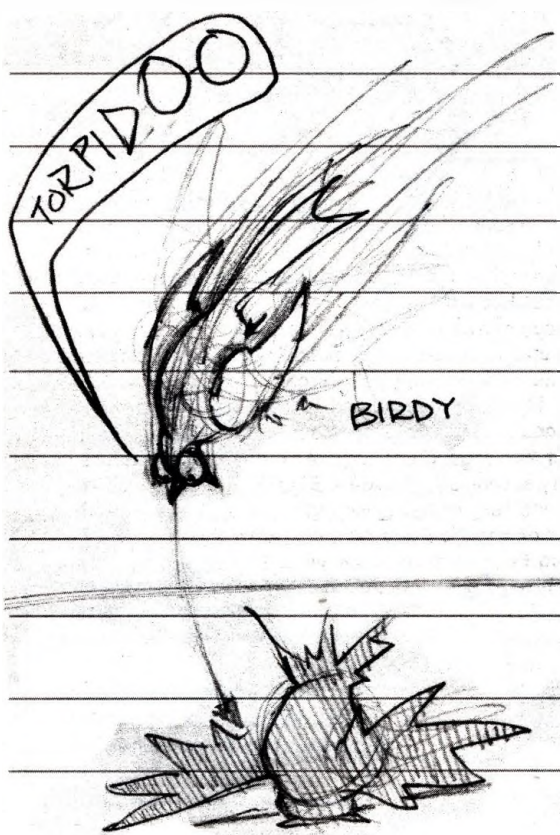
and Aymie were cheering me on from down below. I left into her bedroom and found her there, evil and equipped with torture devices and a stuffed bear. Yes, a bear.

"You horrid monster! You've been killing off all of your friends!" I shrieked. "Why? Why would you do such a thing?"

A smile spread across Alexis' face as she began laughing hysterically. Her laughter highly annoyed me, it was so high pitched and boisterous. Suddenly, out of nowhere a magical wand dropped from the ceiling right in front of me ( unbelievably cheesy and disappointing, but true). I wanted her to experience all of the pain that we had endured. I pointed the wand at her and with a swish of my wrist her nose was gone. How extremely convenient! From there, I began to get creative. I started by locking her in the sauna for a few hours. I then took away all the ligiments on her body and thrw her off the roof, making sure not to kill her yet... she still had to drown. After she hit the pavement from her fall off of the roof she rolled into the pool. Needless to say, she drowned, only her body didn't disappear.

Dustin, Aymie and I still enjoyed our last day of vacation. Although Dustin left without his manhood, (it had been respectfully buried), Aymie's legs and my arm suprisingly reappeared. We used Alexis' body as a mini-surfboard, and had quite a bit of fun using it as a pinata. Austin's father gave us a ride back to our homes and took the news of his son's death fairly well. He cried the whole way back, but i imagine most fathers would. To this day, I dont miss Mandy, Austin or Christy all that much, but they will forever remain in my memory.

And for all you suckas who believed this was an actual story for a short while, I hope you eventually discovered this story isn't real. It never happend, but I didn't make it up, Oh no! You have merely experienced one of my dreams.



## Ron Carter- A Jazz Musician

By: Lavi Hendin

"If you think I'm good, he's super good," said ACMA Jazz Director, Thara Memory of Ron Carter, the tenor sax-playing jazzman who has come to ACMA to teach, instruct, and inspire our student musicians. When Mr. Carter arrived at Portable-7 on December 10th, he immediately began to bounce around, conducting the students as they worked on "Rina Dem Bells" by Duke Ellington. Carter's amazing energy for the music made it a fun experience for the kids, who are getting ready for an Ellington competition. Mr. Memory wanted Carter to come to the school so that the band could see how energetic Carter is, and know how to feel the music.

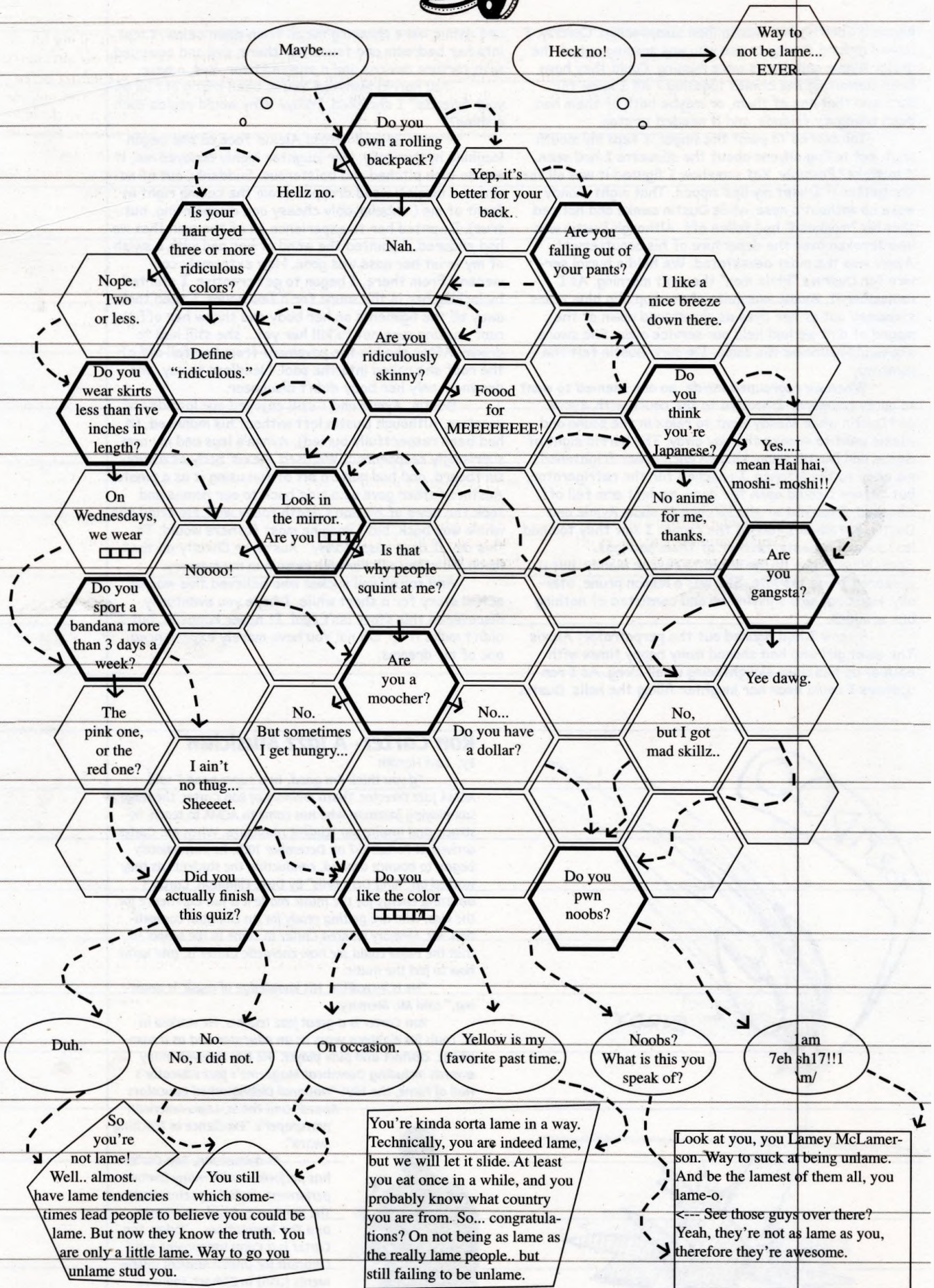
"He is incredible. His knowledge of music is amazing," said Mr. Memory.

Ron Carter is a great jazz teacher. He worked in St. Louis for eighteen years as an educator and as a saxophone, clarinet and flute player. He has received many awards including Downbeat Magazine's Jazz Educator's Hall of Fame, the 1991 "National Distinguished Educators Award" and the St. Louis American newspaper's "Excellence in Teaching Award".

As a musician, Ron Carter has performed with many famous performers including Lena Horne, The Jim Dorsey Band, Lou Rawls, and The Temptations. Today, Ron Carter is a Conn Instrument Artist Clinician for United Musical Instruments (UMI) in Elkhart, Indiana and teaches jazz at Northern Illinois University.











# Valentines Day Rant

By Melissa Bergeron



The strange faces of my classmates will forever be embedded in my mind ever since that lonely fourteenth of February in my seventh grade year. I received curious smiles and eager glances as I paraded down the Waluga Jr. High halls with a rose in my hand. It appeared as if I was one of the lucky girls that year who had found love on Valentines Day. Actually, I hadn't been blessed with a rose from a secret loved one... I had been procrastinating on confronting my long time crush with a token of my affection for him. When I was questioned about the flower and the chocolates that accompanied them, I lied, claiming they were a gift from a secret admirers. How cliché is that? My fib was ruined when my trust-worthy friend let out the fact that I pathetically waltzed into the nearest Fred Meyer and bashfully purchased dove chocolates and a rose for my dream boy.

Is it a surprise that I have never had a valentine on Valentines Day? A day where the lucky get lucky and the rest of us losers stay home with our feelings and Ben and

Jerry's. So many of us are excluded from the romance and passion we expect to experience on V-Day that it makes the whole holiday seem pointless. Is it pointless? If you take the time to think about it, the ones who get the most action on this day are the candy companies investing their sugar into our arteries. Somehow they incorporate love into the plan, thus creating VALENTINES DAY (insert echo here), a day for lovers and the candy they eat.

Although this holiday does seem to be a sorry excuse to purchase heart shaped clumps of sugar, I used to find this time of year unique and intriguing. When I was younger all that mattered was receiving as many valentines cards as I could manage while I distributed my own in return. Every year I came up with creative ways to display my enthusiasm for the holiday; colorful cookies, tasty brownies or overly decked-out cards. Oh boy, those were some fun times, but now it seems all the fun and simple joy from this day has been sucked dry. Romance, kisses, dates, moonlit dinners and cute boys

are what I have affiliated Valentines Day with at this point in my life. As do many sixteen-year-old girls now a days. The cards don't matter, screw them, I want a date! He can take me to dinner, then we can go to the movies and share a soda, he can bring the rose and I will bring the chocolates!

Unfortunately I am one of the many who have never had an actual date on this day and truth be told I don't see this upcoming one being any different. Yes, my night will be spent in my pajamas with ice cream and the Best of Jimmy Fallon. I can pig out on rocky road, share some laughs with Jimmy and head off to bed.

I figure if I brought into each cheesy commercial with couples exchanging jewelry and kisses I would be driven insane with lust. Although I know that eventually one day, this day will bring on a greater meaning for me, this year, like the past years, I will try to exclude myself from the over-dovey scene and continue to fly solo. Candle lit dinners are nice, but then again, so is ice cream.



Brittany Spears

## 10 Worst Songs... Ever!



Eddie Murphy

Sitting at home, you've just got home from school. So in hopes of relaxing and easing your nerves you turn to the radio. At first all you hear is fuzz (you know that extremely annoying sound your radio makes when the reception is all messed up) when all of a sudden "Addicted," by Simple Plan, comes over the speaker. For a second you're stunned. You can't think. Then you feel as though your about to throw up. Acting on instinct you change the station only to hear the Backstreet Boys loving it up. Being unable to cope with what is happening, you proceed to rip the radio out of the wall and chuck it across your room.

If you have never have and/or never want to experience a trauma such as this than here are ten songs I recommend you stay far far away from.

-Spencer Parsons

10. Aaron Carter, "Crazy little party girl"
9. Bruce Springsteen, "Born in the USA"
8. Geraldo, "Rico Swavae"
7. Eddie Murphy, "Boogy in your Butt"
6. Britney Spears, "From the bottom of my broken heart"
5. Billy Ray Cyrus, "Achy Breaky Heart"
4. Backstreet Boys, "I want it that way"
3. Abba, "Dancing Queen"
2. Simple Plan, "Addicted"
1. Any Mariah Carey song, But We'll go with "Heartbreaker"



Mariah Carey



The Backstreet Boys



# Pathways

## a student's program planning guide to ACMA

### Writing Classes

Albertson's (aka Alby's) Creative Writing Course. This is what it sounds like. One semester he teaches poetry and editorials, the other he teaches fiction and play writing. If you take the poetry course, expect never to want to hear the words "iambic pentameter" ever again, and sestinas (you'll learn) are not as hard as they sound. Although that isn't saying much.

Skills that come in handy:

The ability to read your own handwriting.

The ability to let other people read your writing, and put up with their comments.

The inability for other people to read your writing, so they can only see the typed final.

A love of writing because that's what you'll be doing for a whole period.

A warning: some mature topics may be discussed, and if you can't handle that, don't take this course and ruin everybody else's fun.

### Publications

This class puts out Savant and the Yearbook, as well as other various publications that Mr. Supak wants. Be forewarned: people see your writing in this class, people who you don't even know. Everybody has to write something for publications, something that will end up in Savant. Mr. Supak will teach you how to use InDesign, but if you can't design he doesn't let you mess up Savant. This is a very self-directed class, or in this case editor-directed. That is, it was, until we displayed a love of holiday themes. They make Supak explode, and he, like most organisms, loves life.

Skills that come in handy:

The ability to fact-check.

A fast type speed, to beat evil deadlines.

An incredibly thick skin.

Basic computer skills.

Your e-access password and identity.

Knowledge of the student council President's 5th period (or whatever time Publications is) to get fundraising approval quickly.

The ability to get things done without people yelling at you to get it finished. Besides the editors, of course. (But they don't have the time to look over your shoulder.)

### Theater

In theater, you will do the basics, such as memorizing lines, monologues, improvisation, slapstick, comedy, and drama. But also be prepared to write, as you will probably end up writing more than you do in your English class. You will be expected to keep a daily journal, as well as do a research paper with a speech at the end. Theater is not for the thin-skinned! But if your skin is thick enough, you'll meet dedicated people who are supportive, welcoming and inspiring, and also an experienced teacher who will make the class enjoyable. Another skill you might not expect to need in theater is painting. But it is useful to have some skill in this area, as you'll help build and paint the sets for the plays at the after school work-parties. At the end of the class, there will be a big play, and awards will be voted on by the students. The plays produced are sometimes even performed before an audience, so stage fright is not an option!

Recommended Skills:

Writing

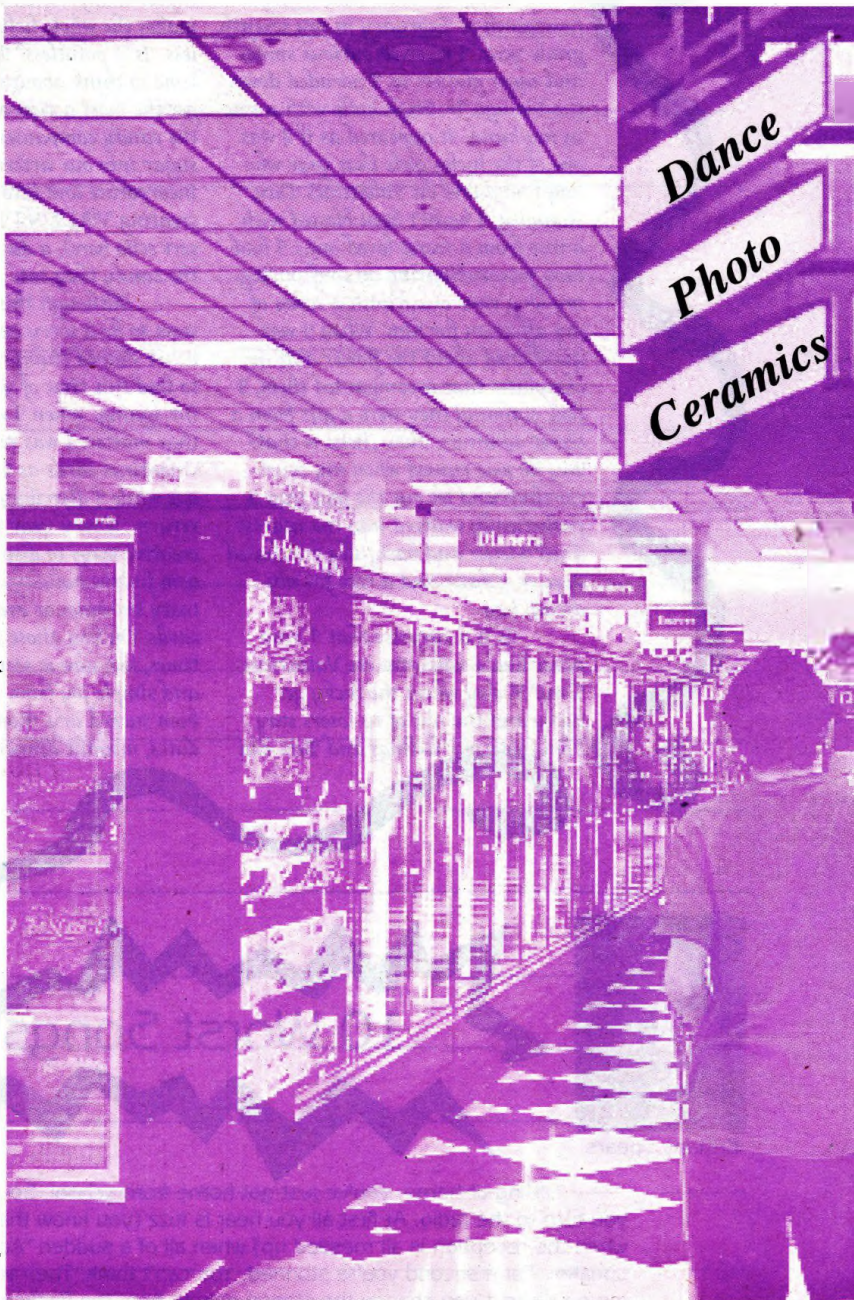
Painting

Projection of voice.

### Video

In video, one of the first things you will learn is how to work the camera. You will learn all the factual aspects of it. It is advisable that you don't break the camera, as it is very expensive to replace. In this class, you will learn skills such a camera angles, how to do lighting, how to

get your message across, and how to white balance. You will also learn how to use Final Cut Pro, a program for editing your movies. You will create story boards, so it would be useful to have some skill in drawing. Knowing how to write creatively is also a must, as you will be writing



your own scripts. This class is a lot of fun, even for those who have no experience with video. But a word to the wise - don't fall behind, for you'll have a hard time catching up. This means no skipping class!

Recommended Skills:

Creative writing

Drawing

Hardworking tendencies

### Beginning Dance

Prerequisite: Grace (or being able to fake it), determination, patience, and a sense of direction. Must be willing to deal with kids spinning across the floor uncontrollably, and having to stretch out muscles you never knew existed (tear). You may also experience dizziness for the first few months, until you get the hang of spinning.



**Course Description:** For those of you who want to get your PE credit over and done with, or those of you who actually want to dance, Beginning Dance is for you! Learn how to spin and walk in rhythm, or even how to tap your foot in time. Feel like a winner walking down the hall using such dance terms as “chasse” and “pas de bourree” and understanding what those other dancing fools are talking about! Let Felice Moskowitz and Terry Brock transform you (or at least try) into the best dancer you can be. Who knows, maybe in three years you may find yourself in sequined costume on a three hour bus ride with no air conditioning to Corvallis!



## Advanced Dance

**Prerequisite:** Suffering (with grace) through Beginning and Intermediate Dance. Strong understanding of your left and right. The ability to spin without getting dizzy, and to hold off from yelping in pain when it comes to the thirty minute floor warm-up (which you will do every day in jazz). Also, you must be comfortable with the dress code for ballet; a black leotard, and pink tights (don't even think about switching those two).

**Course Description:** So, you call yourself a dancer now, do ya? This is a double period (double the fun, or maybe not) dance class, for the “serious” dancer. Get yelled at (out of love) for daring not to point your foot (how dare you), or even showing up to tap wearing the wrong

shoes. Now that you've worked your way up to the top, you can feel superior over the other dancers in the hall who may have mocked your “beginningness” three years ago (you know who you are).

## Beginning Ceramics

**Prerequisites:** Must be able to ‘have fun with mud!’ Must become detail oriented.

**Class Description:** This class is one of the more messy ones, and you might want to prepare to be become very detail oriented, due to finger prints randomly appearing on everything you make. You will start out with tiles, then go to learn about coil, slabs, and negative space (this is very important). One thing this class does very well, is to put you right back on the playground making mud pie and of course throwing it at each other, although we are directed not to. Anything can happen when your piece gets fired, so also prepare for the nervous excitement before your piece comes out from the kiln. All in all this is a very fun class for those of you who like to be messy, and those who don't dig the mess, you were warned.

## Advanced Ceramics

**Prerequisites:** Prepare to work, and work hard.

**Class Description:** After taking ceramics, you may move on to advanced ceramics. As are many advanced classes, this one is very self directed. Although all you really need for this class is self motivation, it is worth every bit of work. During this class you will be expected to strengthen your weaknesses, and then of course strengthen them some more. Mainly you will work on one huge project, and then one side project in your spare time, or when you have an artistic block.

## Photo 1

**Prerequisite:** Patience, self-restraint. Must refrain from strangling Gottshall during the many slide shows and speeches introducing you to photography.

**Course Description:** You can go one of two ways in Photo. Either you work hard and realize the true value of a photograph, or you slack off and try to explain to people the brilliance of a toneless photo taken of a staircase railing slightly resembling the letter “P.”

If you want to do well, be prepared to listen, listen, then listen some more. Then, switch your family's old Pentax to the “manual” setting. The idea of a camera as a straight forward point-and-shoot deal will fly from your mind as you enter the black and white world of dark room photography. This class will show you how refreshing it is to do things the old fashioned way. None of that “digital photo” riffraff you see in other schools.

Bring your own headphones if you're particularly picky about your music. Last one in the dark room fails class.

## Photo Studio

**Prerequisite:** Motivation, self-discipline.

**Course Description:** Because this class is considerably less crowded than Photo I, you won't have to flip a coin for a chance at an enlarger. Actually, by the time you're done with Photo II, you'll probably have picked one to claim as “your personal enlarger.”

If you don't want to get your head bitten off by music tyrants, always follow the rule of thumb: First one in the dark room picks the music. An exception to the rule: When the music is so god awful that the entire population of the dark room vetoes the selection.

Photo studio offers a lot of freedom compared to most other classes. This is freedom you shouldn't take advantage of if you want to do good work. Just remember, you have to take pictures to be able to print them. Don't wait till the last minute to finish the assignment, cause just like in Photo I, you'll be screwed in the end.





Any of you who say you have never come to school tired are filthy liars, no exceptions. How do I know? Because it has been scientifically proven, that's why. So if you are one of those poor overachieving souls in denial of a biological truth, prepare to discover why the hell none of us can get up as early as we are forced to. PLEASE don't pretend to enjoy getting up before almost everything else, because we all know it's a load of stubborn rubbish.

All of this enlightenment can be traced back to the University of Toronto, where a research team led by Dr. Sunghan Kim, the lead author of the study and a postdoctoral researcher in the university's psychology department, has been slowly gathering evidence as to the importance of sleep in teenagers (us). In a report issued earlier this year, the National Sleep Foundation (NSF) in Washington says that the total average sleep time during the school week decreases from 7 hours and 42 minutes for 13-year-olds to 7 hours and 4 minutes for 19-year-olds. Other researchers put the necessary amount of sleep for teens at about 9 hours and 15 minutes a night. At the same time, teens' needs for sleep actually increase.

Studies show that while fifth and sixth graders can be wide awake all day after about nine hours' sleep, teenagers need 10 hours to be alert all day long, says Dr. Kim. "The average teenager gets about six hours' sleep, so he's sleep-depriving himself completely," he says. Sleep deprivation can even be fatal. Some 55% of all car crashes in which drivers fell asleep involve people under age 26, according to the National Institutes of Health's National Center on Sleep Disorders Research, in Bethesda, M.D.

People still don't seem to realize exactly how serious sleep-deprivation in teenagers is. Most still write it off as laziness, but we know better. How many of you can honestly say that you are nothing but a lazy lay-about who has never once tried to achieve anything? If any of this is true for some of you, chances are you aren't capable of reading what's in front of you anyway, so that narrows it down to lack of energy as a result of inadequate sleep. Ha! You see? Now you have an actual argument to fight with, as opposed to tired practices in futility (Get it? *Tired?*).

Although some sleep deprivation cases can be linked solely to lack of interest in academics, the majority of the cases are those in which the victim (any one of us) is powerless against these forces which seem to be fueled by a sadistic lust to utterly exhaust us by the age of 20. In addition, high-school-age children appear to undergo a shift in their biological 'body clock,' which tells them when to rise and go to bed," Dr. Kim says. "There's some evidence that teenagers' biological clock may be programmed to start turning off later at night and turn on later in morning." According to the National Sleep Foundation report, studies have shown that the typical high school student's natural bedtime is 11 p.m. or later.

"Teenagers' sleep problems are aggravated by the schedules they keep," Dr. Kim explains. "In high school, socialization starts, and parents start allowing children to go to football games and out afterward, and then they let them sleep in on Saturday mornings. On Saturdays, the children will wake up at 10 a.m. and go outside, and the natural light reinforces the message to the brain that this is the "starting time" for the day.

"Then they stay out late again Saturday night and sleep in Sunday morning. When Sunday night comes, the kids want to get into bed earlier, but they can't fall asleep. Then, when 6 a.m. comes, they can't wake up. Their biological clock has changed."

Well, now you've heard it from professionals, so it must be true. Our worst suspicions have been confirmed for us. In the following interview, Mr. Hammond shares some of his ideas about why teenage sleep deprivation exists, which is all fine and dandy, but I think I've already solved it. Here is the root cause of this hell we all live through: Daylight Saving's Time, dammit! Why is it still around

anyhow? It's not like we have irritated hordes of medieval farmers dancing around out there in need of extra daylight, right? It's all done by robots now anyway. Sweet dreams.

Interview with Mr. Hammond about "Sleep Teenagers"

**Alex: Have you noticed signs of sleep deprivation in your students?**

Hammond: Definitely! There is quite a bit of fatigue in 1st period, and many students seem to rely on coffee in order to get going in the morning. There's always excuses about how they were up too late or too tired to finish an assignment, as well as several heads on the desk in the first couple periods.

**Do you consider this to be a problem?**

Yes, I think it causes problems both for students and for their classmates. I've seen several cases where the entire class was hindered as a result of tiredness. It's more serious than many people think.

**What do you think some causes might be?**

A lot of kids try to do too much as far as classes are concerned, and the stress generated from that would be enough, but it goes even further than that. Extracurricular activities eat up a lot of time and energy, which leaves kids with very few options when it comes to getting their homework done before midnight. It's a vicious cycle, because procrastination is often a result of exhaustion.

**Is there Scientific truth to the theory that teenagers require more sleep than most?**

I'm probably not the best person to ask, but I've read about the Biological clock in teens, and how it does not work the same way as older or younger peoples'. I've seen the consequences of sleep loss in action, and I believe it to be connected to some sort of internal clock. Kids can train themselves to stay up later--or "reset" their clock--and subsequently want to get up later (and vice versa), but I also think some aspects of this cannot be controlled.

**How do you think we can solve this problem as a society?**

I think it's a possibility, but first we have to get our priorities straight when it comes to funding. Beaverton is a large district, and in order for a change to be possible, we would need money for more buses, better routes, etc. But I don't think we as a society are willing to pay the extra price for it. Education does not seem to be at the top of our list these days.

**Do you predict there will be an end to sleep deprivation in youths?**

I'll have to say no. I think it will get worse. As we progress as a society, the pressures and requirements that will be demanded will most likely increase. History repeats itself, after all/

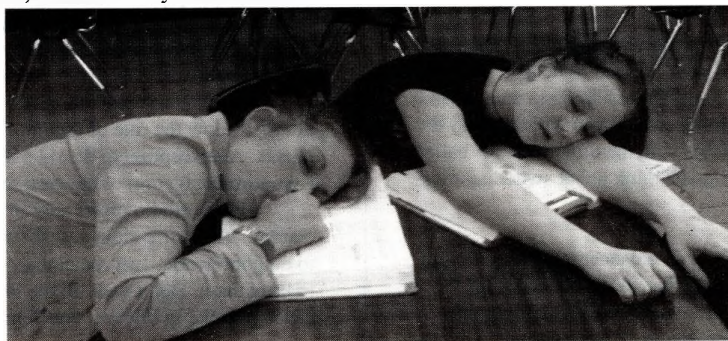
**Were you sleep deprived as a teenager?**

(laughs) Yes, a bit. I was typically a good student, and would stay up late for homework and essays, but I would occasionally procrastinate here and there. For the most part, I would stay up later than I should have reading and listening to music.

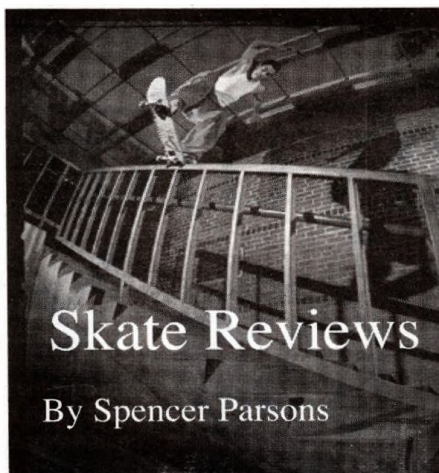
**Natural for the age, eh?**

Yes! I see the results of it every day. It is most definitely still a problem.

Sweet dreams, everybody.







### Almost Round 3

I've been sitting here trying to think about what say in this review when I realized that there really isn't anything you couldn't say about this video. It is absolutely CRAZY. Not only does it feature the kings of technical, Rodney Mullen and Daewon Song, Almost's Round Three also contains some mind boggling footage from Chris Haslam, Greg Lutzka, and Ryan Sheckler. Sheckler's part is pretty impressive, I mean DAMN son this kid is like two years younger than me and he's doin switch flips down a ten, and backside flippin over a seven foot gap with a fifteen foot drop. I don't know what this kid is

gonna pull off next but he's defiantly proved himself worthy of the hype. So in conclusion to all this I would like to say that this is by far the best skate video I have EVER seen and it will probably hold that title for quite awhile.

### Almost Round 3 (for those who don't know)

Well it's kinda hard to write a review about something I know a lot about and ot use a ton of skate terms that no one else will understand. So I guess all I can say is that this video is the best thing that has happened to skateboarding since the invention of the video camera. Everyone should see it sometime whether you are a skater or not.

### Really Sorry

If you thought Sorry was good then Really Sorry is the dvd for you. Really sorry is an extended version Sorry. Both dvds are produced by Flip skateboards. in Sorry we get to see all the usual candidates like Ali Boulala, Mark Appleyard, Rune Glifberg, Geoff Rowley, Arto Saari and wait, no Tom Penny? Where did Tom Penny go. Well folks he's got a part in the dvd Really Sorry so if you missed him in Sorry here is your chance. Take full advantage.

### Really Sorry (for those who don't know)

Don't see this dvd unless you've already seen the original(Sorry). Because chances are that you are not willing to fork out an extra ten dollars just to see ten more minutes of footage that you know nothing about. But if for some reason you are then this is a great dvd and well worth the cost.

### FKD Bearings

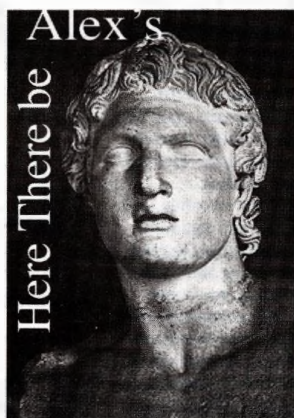
This dvd really surprised me. Fkd is a bearing company (obviously) so it's weird, really, that they even put out a dvd, much less a dvd as good as this one. This video features skateboarding celebrities such as Paul Rodriguez, Daewon Song, and Brandon Biebel. Now all you skaters who know about this stuff, may be thinking , hmmm Paul Rodriguez didn't I just see him Girl Skateboards most recent video Yeah Right. Well yes this is true but in this new vid there's new footage that's just as good as in Yeah Right.

### FKD Bearings (for those who don't know)

This video is good but if you aren't a skater then you might not appreciate because it's a second rate bearing video. But if for some reason you're interested in watching dirty people flip around a piece of wood with wheels attached to it, then hey you'll love this movie! = )

By Alex Sorenson

Over the past few years, a conclusion has been slowly creeping up on me: there are far too many people named Alex. In this school alone, there are roughly fourteen. After witnessing many times the confusion which erupts when six people (including myself) answer role call to the same name, I have decided to educate you, the public, about these people. To most, one Alex is no different than the next guy (or girl), but there are many interesting qualities which all of these unique Alex's possess. Not only will the students who read Savant each month learn something new about an Alex they might have previously or otherwise overlooked, but I myself will learn oodles regarding my comrades of the same name. Alexanders, Alex-andras, Alexises (plural of Alexis, I think), Alexas, and even plain old Alex's will finally be given an identity they all deserve: something besides "Alex," because frankly, it's just too damn confusing nowadays.



Name: Alexander  
Origin: Greek  
Meaning: Protector of Mankind (Note: Though I have never actually protected mankind, I once saved an earthworm from certain torment and eventual death by picking it up off the sidewalk, and placing it in the soil. Not much to be proud of, I know, but as long as I protected something, I can at least keep my dignity).

Courtesy of  
babynames.com

The first Alex we shall meet is an ambitious young man with musical aspirations. Though only in 7th grade currently, he has already participated in numerous Jazz competitions, and will soon head to Idaho to compete in the Lionel Hampton Jazz festival.

What follows is an exclusive interview with the young fellow, who was eager to answer all of my questions.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

By Alex

Alex: What do you think about the multitude of Alex's in this school?

Alex: Sometimes it gets confusing, but usually it's ok. Actually, I don't really care that much.

Alex: Do you ever find yourself frustrated by chaotic identity mishaps?

Alex: Yeah, it's been a problem a couple of times. Usually, it's during class or something. It hasn't been too bad lately, but when I first came here it was really hard. Once, a teacher called this other kid named Alex to the front of the class to tell him he was failing, but I went instead. I was freaked out for like a week before I realized what had happened.

Alex: What inspired you to immerse yourself in music, Alex?

Alex: My Dad plays

guitar, and he's the one who first got me interested. I'd been asking for a saxophone for a long time, and when I finally got one, I found out I really enjoyed playing. It's probably my biggest hobby.

Alex: Do you even like the name "Alex"?

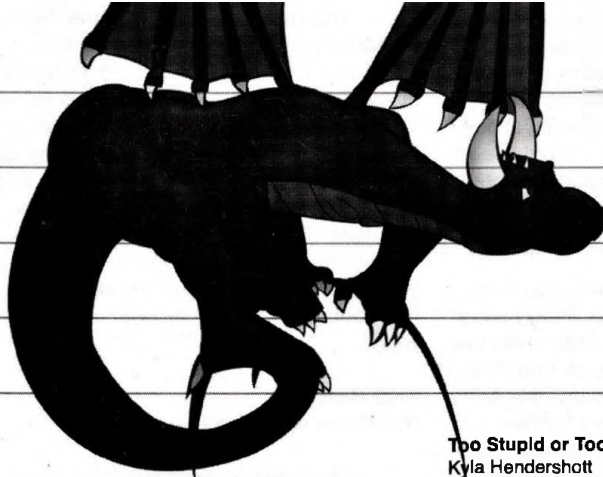
Alex: It's all right. I've never really thought about it.

Alex: Do you currently have any plans for adopting a nickname, or possibly changing your name (Lex, Alec, Sasha, etc.)?

Alex: Well, in the band people call me Big Daddy. For now, though, I think "Alex" will work, Alex.



# Garden of Rhythm



No Voice Shall Be Heard  
Jasmine Edayan

As that voice escapes from  
me I think not of the wonders of  
why.

But in the blackness of that  
hole that is made of me, I have not  
to do but sigh.

If that light that flickers  
brightly shall never meet my eyes,  
then the sunsets shining rays  
above me will fall down from the  
sky.

Too Stupid or Too Lazy  
Kyla Hendershott

Thomas Averin

Losing Our Independence  
By Katie Hereford

High-school is a time for us to be able to express ourselves: dress, talk, and act the way we want. So, why is it that this freedom is being taken away from us? At this school, middle-schoolers are expected to be mature, responsible, and independent. And the truth is, most of them are. They don't need or want our help in teaching them how to grow up, and personally, I don't believe that behavior modeling is necessary here at ACMA. One of the reasons they're here is because, supposedly, they're emotionally and intellectually ahead of their peers at their local middle school. If they hadn't reached this point, then they wouldn't be at our school, or so we're told.

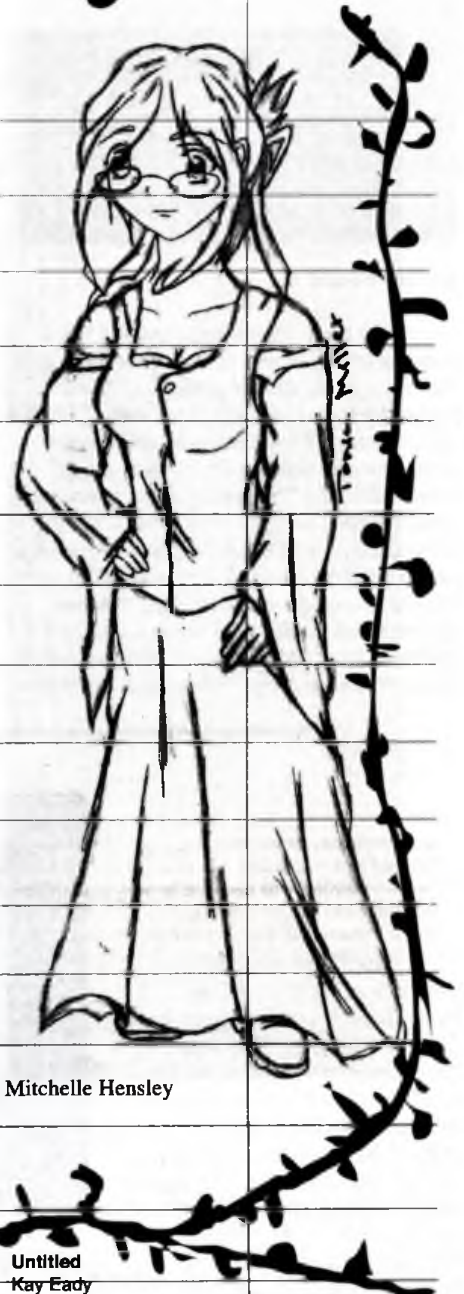
It's only fair if both middle-schoolers and high-schoolers are allowed to be themselves. This school is about freedom, so let's accept that and use it! Restrictions for the high-schoolers are only going to make the middle-schoolers dread high-school, and make the high-schoolers long for Summer even more than they already do.

Expletive deleted, expletive deleted! Lately, I've been feeling censored! Last week during a heated discussion with my friends in the hallway, we were speaking our minds and stating our opinions, a normal debate on a passionate topic.

In the heat of the moment I made a comment that was a little explicit, but normal for my friends. Although we had no problem with what was said, I was told to watch my language, as "younger" kids were about.

Since then, I haven't felt entitled to my right to freedom of speech. What good is it if you can't use it? So, I asked Christy (a "younger" student) why she looked up to us. She replied, "... we're too stupid to figure it out ourselves." Should high-schoolers change who they are because of the "innocents?" If it comes to that, we should become a uniform school, walking single file down the hallways—girls on one side, boys on the other—looking straight ahead, not talking to one another.

Of course, we see little sixth, seventh, and eighth graders running around the hallways with their butts protruding from mini skirts and their flat chests hanging out of tube tops, acting like brats. When they said they looked up to us, who were they talking about? I don't see high schoolers running around here like that (Shhhh). It seems to me that middle schoolers are either too lazy to find out who they are, and use older kids as the excuse, or perhaps they're just too stupid to be themselves.



Mitchelle Hensley

Untitled  
Elise Choi

A tale of rebellion is whispered naive;  
Soul albeit tired is joyed by you.  
Flew a slow descent; our hearts on our  
sleeves.  
You strived to tell me, but nearing adieu,

We chanced a touch! shocked me disarrayed.  
So long I'd thought love an excuse to hurt,  
But, ascending, you sung a serenade  
Or maybe a spell, to vanish the dirt

And have me enamored, evenings lustrous  
Spent feeling a beauty never seen, smeared  
The wind you away; left me acquiesce,  
For a sweet taste you gave away, always revered.

Older now, and still naivety of  
Zest of fruit—in other words, you I love.



Untitled  
Kay Eady

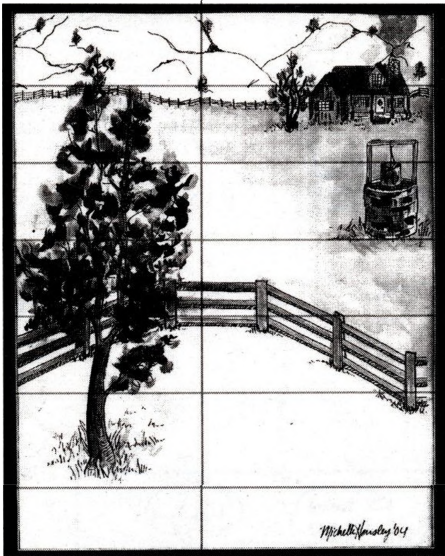
The man striding across the parking lot  
had a mass of ebony black hair. His cat green eyes  
blazed and his mouth was in a tight line; though  
anyone looking at him knew his smile would be  
devastating. His fine chiseled face finished with a  
stubborn jaw and jutting chin. He wore his business  
suit well over broad shoulders. Muscles  
rippled under the cloth though he looked tense and  
uncomfortable. His long even strides never wavered  
as he strode into the car and roared it to life.  
Pressing on the gas pedal, he flew out the exit.

A Day at the Park  
Justin Haruyama

One day I went to the park.  
And at this park I laid an egg.  
And this egg cracked, and so did I.



# And Rhyme



Thomas Miller

## PDA: School Disurbance Jackie Sadowsky

Holding hands and hugging. That's fine; it's everything else that's crossing the line.

The number of students at ACMA kissing and cuddling during lunch is sickening. The younger students don't come to school to watch the upper-classmen kiss.

What good does a public display of affection have? Why would anyone want to watch people kissing? Nothing can be learned from this. PDA is one of the reasons parents don't trust the older kids.

It also causes disturbances in schools and makes some students uncomfortable. PDA puts pressure on those who aren't involved in romantic activities; it sends a bad message.

If people didn't kiss or cuddle in public, the school might be more comfortable. The younger students wouldn't feel so out of place. Even if those who take part in PDA change just a little, the younglings would feel better.

All people have to do is change the kisses to hugs, and the touches to holding hands.

Look—the problem is solved.

## PDA's Problem Kyla Hendershott

I'm stading in the hallway with that "special person," who I just can't keep my hands—or mouth—off. Some youngster gives me a dirty look and yells at me "to get a room! It's annoying."

So, I do it some more.

If it bothers them, then maybe they shouldn't stand there with disgusted looks on their faces and move on. Or maybe they should go find themselves some little person who tickles their fancy, and then we'll see who needs a room.

But when is it enough? Personally, I don't mind when you are holding and kissing each other, but take into consideration the place you're in and the people around you. Otherwise, I say go for it! Hold that little hand of love!

So all you peoples making out, stop and take a breather. All the rest of you, grab a partner and share the love!

## Time Loaf Hadley Jolley

Alexis (not Alex) was an unrepentant, uncontrollable, remorseless liar. I don't know why listened to him so much. But I did.

Maybe it was because he was so convincing. He made you want to believe what he said, made it seem true, even if you knew it wasn't. His lies were sweeter than the truth. He could even make the most boring subject come to life. A few of my teachers seemed to have the opposite gift—the ability to turn even the most interesting, intricate, beautiful subject into dribble that we had to make ourselves swallow, but never actually taste.

This one day, at lunch, Alexis swore that his meat loaf was actually a "Time Loaf" capable of making the person who ate it travel in time. How much and in which direction he couldn't specify.

"That's why I'm not eating it," he said. "I don't know why my mother packed it in my lunch, but she did. We should burn it."

Now, this I knew was a lie. I was over at his house yesterday, and his mom made meat loaf. I never eat Alexis' mother's food, because there was always something... off... about the taste. But I had seen his mother making it, and I knew it wasn't true because it was just ordinary meat loaf.

"Awe, come on Alexis. We both know that isn't true! I saw your mother make it last night. It's nothing but a stupid meat loaf," I replied.

He looked around, eyes wide. That was a new trick. He hadn't managed to appear as anything but coolly confident before. Now, however, he looked desperate.

"Steven, believe me, I'm telling the truth. My mother got sent back in time. I don't know how long she got sent, or whether she went back or to a future where you could go back, but she did get sent somewhere. I got sent back a week, and my Dad hasn't shown up yet. We're afraid," he teared forward. "That he was sent forward. Ma says that everybody gets sent where they're needed, and that the meat loaf was magic for a reason. She won't tell me more. I think Ma's part of this."

"Guys, I'm scared." He paused, realizing what he just said. He laughed, and then sobbed. "Scared? I'm actually scared! I'm actually scared! This has got to be a once-in-a-lifetime thing." He laughed some more, stood up, and turned around, falling to the ground like a limp rag-doll. "I'm actually scared," he whispered "Lexus," Cory called. He always called

## Michael Lee

Alexis "Lexus". He Claimed that it was an awesome car, and that Alexis should be proud to be named after it. "You don't expect us to swallow this dung, do you? This is even more far out than the time that you claimed you could get high off of Christina's lip balm. You had us ruffling and puffing and the girls all laughing on the floor. I'm not listening to one of your stupid schemes again, not after that." Cory had a major crush on Christina, and we all knew it.

Alexis looked hurt. "This isn't dung, and anyway, it was hemp lip balm. Steven, back me up here. I'm telling the truth... for once." Alexis looked fragile. "I know I'm a liar and my Ma always says that it would bite me in the butt, like the boy who cried wolf, but I'm telling the truth now!"

I rolled my eyes, and gave in. "Alexis, I'll try your stupid 'time loaf'." I snatched it from his hands.

As I took a bite, Alexis screamed, "I don't want you to eat it! We need to destroy it!"

And that, sir, that is why I don't have my papers. Where are papers, anyway? I've got a birth certificate... somewhere. I think. And what year is this? Please, Sir?

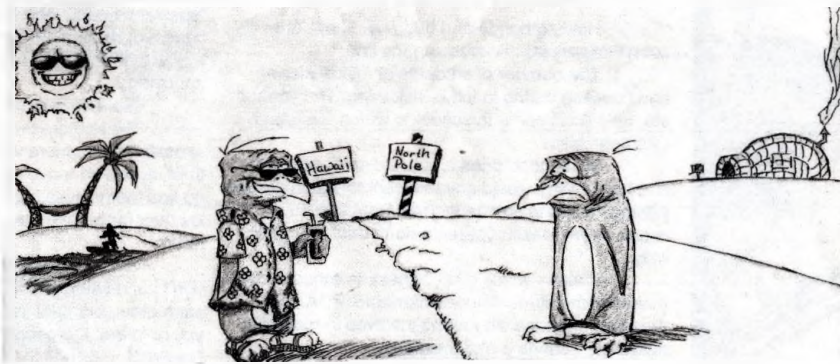
## JB White

## Window Boy Justin Haruyama

A castle, a cage;  
A window, a wall;  
A life, a hell.  
Window Boy sits, and cries, but sheds not a tear.  
He has built for himself a fortress of glass.  
He observes the world, but is protected from it.  
A sanctuary, but he has lost the key.  
He is trapped, cannot get out.  
He despairs as he watches the vibrant world, unable to touch, to feel it.  
He is slowly suffocating inside his fortress-prison.  
He screams for help, but no can hear.  
And monsters lurk in the dark places, for his castle is not as impregnable as he thought.  
They have found their way in, But he cannot find his way out.  
Window Boy is trapped in a prison of glass, Condemned by his own hands' work.  
A castle, a cage;  
A window, a wall;  
A life, a hell.



# Funny Page



"Life with cousin Phil" By: Daniel Haile



By: Rebecca Schwartz

## 10 Things you should never give to a Drunk Monkey Submitted by: Caroline

1. Scissors
2. Empty plastic bags
3. Buckets of water
4. Air tight boxes
5. Rulers or any kind of sharp math tool
6. Forks, spoons, knives, or sporks
7. Disney Movies
8. Car keys to your new Ferrari
9. String
10. Christmas lights

## ACMA Scrambler!

mildmeaitu	<input type="text"/>
ikigmafmln	<input type="text"/>
eyrytsmm	<input type="text"/>
cdoriet	<input type="text"/>
emlbnese	<input type="text"/>
mrakrdroo	<input type="text"/>
noyymsph	<input type="text"/>
satorobk	<input type="text"/>
usyiollquo	<input type="text"/>
wrtet	<input type="text"/>
ootkenob	<input type="text"/>
inrruscstot	<input type="text"/>

Uncramble each individual word and use the circled letters from each word to spell the answer to this question:

What is each potential new ACMA student asked about?

Answer:





# SAVASCOPE



by Madame Stephy

ARIES March 24-April 19



Don't take the word of people lightly. Try to look at it from the inside and see what they're really saying.

TAURUS - April 20 - May 20



only then can you relax.

You're ready for a break, but it's not quite time yet. Finish what your working on and

GEMINI - May 21 - June 21



headed.

Things have been moving rapidly, but make sure to slow down and see where you're

CANCER - June 22 - July 22



them.

People around you are taking things seriously right now, so don't make any false promises - you'll be held to

LEO - July 23 - August 22



spect them for the effort.

Someone close is trying their very best to stay on your good side in fear of losing your friendship. Re-

VIRGO - August 23 - Sept. 22



where the may go.

Your dreams direct you to a distant place, follow them

LIBRA - Sept. 23 - Oct. 22



life, bringing something new to the table.

Your views will change dramatically when a new person is introduced into your

SCORPIO - Oct. 23 - Nov. 21



You're very opinionated in everything you do, driven further by your confidence. Don't try and control others' to sway to your beliefs.

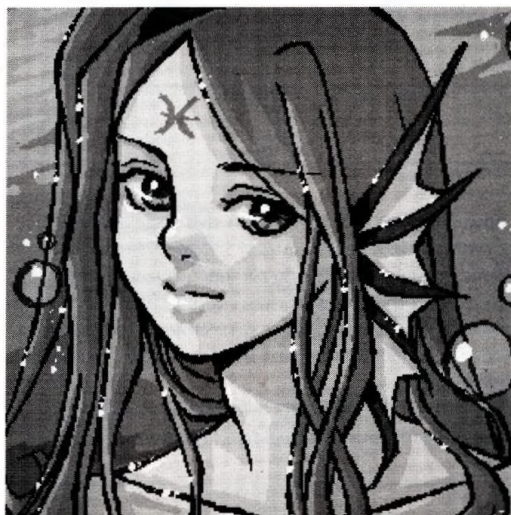
SAGITTARIUS Nov. 22 - Dec. 21



You've surrounded yourself with tons of people, but now you're wanting a little peace and quiet. Don't be afraid to take some time alone.

## PISCES

February 19 - March 20



Artwork by Aurore

<http://auroreblackcat.free.fr/>

Everyone is seeking you out for assistance, because of your great advice giving knowledge. Take it as a compliment.

Famous Pisceans:  
Benicio Del Toro,  
Queen Latifah, Johnny  
Cash

CAPRICORN Dec. 22 - Jan. 19



Let your brain take action, not you feelings, on any important decisions as of late.

AQUARIUS - Jan. 20 - Feb. 18



Being subtle isn't going to do any good in saying what you want. Be loud and make sure your point gets across!



# Editor's Cover!



It feels like this Savant has been much over due. I mean a whole month with out it! You guys **MUST** be dying with out it. (At least Stephy and I were!) As one might notice, this particular issue's theme is a note book. Like the kind you throw in your bag as the school's "bell" goes off, and then as time goes on, becomes more and more trashed, and by trashed I of course mean, ripped, torn, cut, spilled, and doodled upon, rained on and dragged in the mud. There is also something different in this savant, we have a student written course guide for the pathways. We heard that you wanted to read more about you, kinda narcissistic, huh? Ha! Of course we teens love ourselves, and if not we should, because we rock. Any ways, back to the subject matter, this Savant has had a lot more time to be worked on, due to not having one last month. It also has a Muth prauder theme. Yay for I.T. Seniors, we have finished our huge papers by now, and boy are glad the hellish thing called I.T. Paper is over. Check out the lame test, are you lame? Hopefully not, but one never knows. I know every one can be a lamer now and then, if that's even a word, or a noun, but to constantly do lame things, like write on the bathroom stalls (coughs) is just lame. Enough with the lame, have a good time reading this and taking the quiz... until next time...

And so the fourth issue of Savant has finally been passed out and here you are reading it. Now, we're a little late due to other issues such as yearbook and Effigy, but we didn't forget about it! A lot more time has been spent on this issue, which is why a January edition wasn't produced. We wanted this issue more focused on you guys, so we decided to do little pieces about each pathway here at ACMA, giving you a little insider look to each art path here. So if you've ever wondered what they're doing over in the band portable or what they're making in the art room, now's your chance to find out from each other.

In this issue, you'll find some various doodles around the pages. The brilliant idea to scatter your doodles throughout the pages was thought up by one other than Kalie. So have fun looking around, finding yours or your friends' doodles scattered around the pages. Enjoy folks!



It is sad to say but, I have not been very involved in this issue of Savant. First I threw out my back and had to miss **FOUR** days of school due to excruciating pain. (It really is quite demeaning having to rely on your 6 year old brother and 8 year old sister to help you around the house.) I then caught the dreaded flu from my family who I had taken care of when they were sick. Unfortunately, I shall be just like all the other ACMA students when this issue comes out for it will be my first time reading most of the pieces.

Enough complaining though, I'm sure this issue will turn out quite well and I for one cannot wait! ::Roughly 114 days of school left:: (I know, I'm a freak :P)